

SYLVIA - MARY - TAMARA

1ST SALESWOMAN. (Holding up dress.) It's a lovely shape on. It doesn't look like a thing in the hand. (Hands dress to someone outside and calls.) Tell Princess Tamara to show this model

SYLVIA. (Setting in chair and smoking cigarette.) So you had a marvelous time in Bermuda

MARY. I had a good rest. SYLVIA. (with unconscious humor.) Howard want me to take a world cruise. By the way, dear, how is Stephen?

MARY, Splendid. (Smiling, and very glad to be able to tell Sylvia This) He's not nearly so busy. He hasn't spent an evening in the office, since I've come home. (Enter 1st model in an elaborate negligee. Mary shakes her head very practical) Pretty, but I never need a thing like that

SYLVIA. Of course you don't. A hot little number, for intimate afternoons. (Exit 1st model.) Howard says nobody's seen Stephen in the Club, in the afternoon, for months---

MARY. (Thought flashes across her mind that Stephen could, of course, have revised his extramarital schedule, from an evening to an afternoon one, but she quickly dismisses it. Stephen has never let anything interfere with his hours downtown.) Don't worry so much about Stephen, Sylvia. He's my concern (Enter 2nd Model in a corset. She is prettily fashioned from head to toe. She does a great deal for the wisp of lace she wears. It does not ing that nature didn't do better for her)

2ND MODEL. This is our new one-piece lace foundation garment. (Pirouettes.) Zips up the back, and no bones. (She exits.)

SYLVIA. Just that uplift, Mary, you need. I always said you'd regret nursing. Look at me. I don't think there's another girl our age who can boast of bazooms like mine. I've taken care of them. Ice water every morning, camphor at night.

MARY Doesn't it smell rather like an old fur coat? (Princess Tamra passes in corridor)

SYLVIA. Who cares?

MARY. Well, doesn't Howard?

SYLVIA. (Laughing harsly) Howard! With his prostate condition?

1ST SALESWOMAN. (Calling out door.) Princess Tamara, show in here. (Enter Princess Tamara in a very extreme evening gown She is Russian, regal, soignée.)

MARY. Oh, Tamara, how lovely!

TAMARA. You must have it. Stephen would be amazed.

MARY. He certainly would. It's too extreme for me.

SYLVIA. (Rises.) And you really haven't the figure. (Yanks at gown.) Tamara, you wear it wrong. I saw it in Vogue. (jerks.) Up here, and down there.

TAMARA. (Slapping Sylvia's hand down) Stop mauling me!

1ST SALESWOMAN. Princess!

TAMARA What do you know how to wear clothes?

SYLVIA. I am not a model, Tamara, but no one disputes how I wear clothes!

TAMARA. No one has mistaken you for the Duchess of Windsor yet?

1ST SALESWOMAN. Princess Tamara, please apologize.

MARY. (To Saleswoman.) It's just professional jealousy. They both wear clothes so beautifully. They're really friends!

SYLVIA. (Maliciously.) You mean Tamara and Howard are friends.

TAMARA. (Disgusted at the thought.) Do you accuse me of flirting with your husband?

SYLVIA. (Pleasantly.) Go as far as you can, Tamara! If I know Howard, you're wasting valuable time.

TAMARA. (Very angry.) Perhaps I am. But perhaps somebody else is not! (Saleswoman gives her an angry shove) You are riding for a fall-off, Sylvia dear! (Exit Tamara angrily, followed by Saleswomen)

SYLVIA. Did you get that innuendo? I'd like to see Howard Fowler put anything over on me. Oh, I've always hated that girl, exploiting her title the way she does! (Crystal and 2nd Saleswoman enter Crystal's Booth)